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ONE PENNY.

Somebody, Chips,

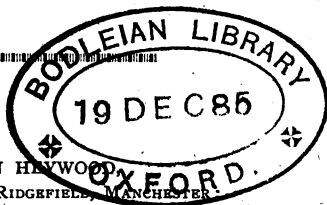
AND

SOMEBODY'S LAST CARD;

OR,

The Outlines of a "Grand Career."

*Dedicated to the Electors of Great Britain
and Ireland,*



JOHN HAYWOOD
DEANSGATE AND RIDGEFIELD, MANCHESTER,
AND 11, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS,
LONDON.

1885.

NEW VOLUME

BY THE

Author of "Somebody," "Chips," Etc., Etc.

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SOMEBODY, CHIPS,

AND

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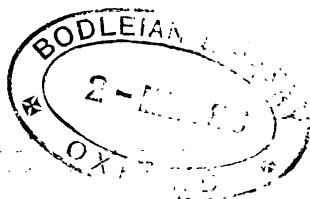
THE OUTLINES OF A "GRAND CAREER."

DEDICATED TO THE ELECTORS OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND IRELAND.



JOHN HEYWOOD,
DEANSGATE AND RIDGEFIELD, MANCHESTER;
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LONDON.
1885.

250. C. 304





SOMEBODY.

I. Sketch.

"Fallentis semita vitae."

I.

SOMEBODY'S life, Thalia, tell,
Somebody's tricks—you know them well !
Somebody's doings and Somebody's ways,
Quite a caution in these vile days !
Somebody's sanctified pose and airs,
(Somebody always says his prayers !)
Somebody's marvellous powers of talk,
Somebody's strictly virtuous walk !

II.

Somebody, when a little child,
Was a Samuel meek and mild,
Sat in a corner mute and prim
Conning his little Watts's Hymn ;
Never mingled with naughty boys
Rough and rude and making a noise ;
In short, was ever, 'twas plain to see,
The model of what a child should be !

III.

Somebody, as he older grew,
 The wicked habits of youth ne'er knew ;
 Never ventured to tell a lie,
 Much delighted in humble-pie ;
 Never gambled and never drank,
 Putting his pence in the Savings Bank ;
 Always in conduct good as gold,
 Doing precisely what he was told.

IV.

Somebody, come to man's estate,
 Still "did the pious," in speech and gait,
 Still devoutly, at home, at college,
 Quaffed the waters of Sacred Knowledge ;
 Wrote a book in defence of The Church,
 Eager with irony to besmirch
 Rads. and Dissenters "and all that crew,"
 For Somebody then was a staunch True Blue !

V.

Somebody deemed "High doctrines" nice,
 Deftly seasoned with Popish spice ;
 To Matins and Vespers aye repaired,
 And even in Lenten penance shared,
 Whence, and from goodness, as I suppose,
 His stern, ascetic looks arose ;
 For Somebody's visage, to speak the truth,
 Was scarcely pleasant, even in youth !

VI.

Somebody, however, strange to tell !
 Had a voice that rang like a silver bell,
 And a flow of language, by no means clear,
 Which pleased and tickled the popular ear :
 These, joined to a solemnly earnest mien
 Through which the hypocrite was not seen,
 And a temper that made most folks afraid,
 Were Somebody's only stock-in-trade.

VII.

Somebody, soon, some people sent
 To be their Member in Parliament ;
 Little awhile did Somebody there
 But show for his own concerns great care,
 For the counting-house maxim he thither brought—
 "Buy something for nothing, sell nothing for nought,"
 Revealing a marvellous "head for figures"
 O'er the value in gold of his father's "niggers" !

VIII.

Somebody shortly turned his coat,
 True Blue no longer, for Peel to vote
 (Who, all for that beautiful myth, Free Trade,
 Fools of himself and his party made),
 And, while Stanley and others forsook the Whigs,
 Righteously ratted and joined the prigs,
 Who *now*, regarding his deeds as crimes,
 Reward him by ratting themselves at times !

IX.

Somebody's rival then arose,
 With wavy ringlets and Hebrew nose—
 A youth of wisdom and wit and skill,
 Of iron nerve and determined will,
 Of high ambition and noble aim,
 Who desired to govern, and lived for fame,
 Whose epigrams pierced to the heart and burnt,
 As Somebody soon to his sorrow learnt!

X.

And Somebody hated this rival sore—
 Hated him hourly more and more ;
 Whatever he did or attempted to do,
 Somebody vowed that he should rue ;
 Somebody always found a flaw,
 All "that wicked one's" trickery saw ;
 Gave him credit for every crime,
 Posing in contrast most sublime !

. XI.

Somebody, when he found the chance,
 "Arranged" a treaty or two with France,
 Giving us plenty of acrid wine
 To keep us sober where'er we dine ;
 Stifling our trade in ribbons and silks
 After the method that now is Dilke's,
 Who loves Republics and all things Red,
 And to please them would willingly stand on his head !

XII.

Somebody, sent to Ionian isles,
 Soon fell a prey to the base Greeks' wiles ;
 Eagerly listened to all they said
 (Flattery always could turn his head !),
 Ceded the strongholds England held—
 The first of "the Upas trees" he felled !
 Then visited Rome—on a pilgrimage ? Oh, no !
 But to kiss the toe of His Holiness Nono !

XIII.

Leaving principle all in the lurch,
 Somebody next destroyed a Church,
 The very Church which in days of yore
 He had praised so highly, and something more !
 Why ? Because sooner a year than he
 His rival a Premier chanced to be,
 And evil he thought, or to think pretended,
 Whatever that horrible knave defended !

XIV.

Somebody, then, some landlords plundered,
 Meddled and muddled abroad and blundered,
 To the grasping Yankee conceding "a claim"
 Which made all Englishmen blush for shame,
 Letting Gortshacow tear up a treaty in tatters
 While the Germans and French were "arranging their
 matters."
 For Somebody always loved the Russ,
 A great deal better than he loved us !

XV.

Somebody, soon from office driven,
 In dudgeon "retired" to muse on Heaven,
 "Making his soul," and in woodland glades
 Tried the mettle of keen axe-blades,
 Or post-cards and letters wrote by reams,
 In praise of preposterous plans and schemes;
 Anon, in The House like a meteor seen,
 Making his colleagues scowl, I ween!

XVI.

Somebody's malice could not refuse—
 Thanks to that excellent *Daily News*!—
 To take advantage for much verbosity
 Of the mythical story of foul atrocity;
 "Bag and baggage" his anthem then,
 And "Perish India!" the mob's Amen;
 But the *causa causans*, as well he knew,
 Was the hatred he bore to the patriot Jew!

XVII.

"Peace with Honour" *he* gave our land,
 But Somebody's curse the giver bann'd;
 For weeks he ranted and raved by turns,
 Preaching away in the land of Burns,
 Till Sandy McLeeberal's "bluid" grew warm
 At thought of the mischief he might perform,
 Backed by a powerful Minister's nod,
 "And a', ye ken, for the love o' God."

XVIII.

Somebody, thus recalled to power—
 Recalled by the rabble in evil hour—
 To his own brave words first gave the lie,
 Eating the Austrian's humble-pie,
 Doing it "just because, you know,
 Humility always charmed him so,
 And all he uttered when 'on the spout'
 Was merely to turn the Tories out!"

XIX.

Somebody next allowed our flag
 To be trampled upon like a dirty rag
 By the Transvaal rebels, and—fouler shame!—
 Signed a compact in England's name,
 After our arms were thrice disgraced,
 Which the Queen's authority there effaced,
 Granting more with a tremulous hand
 Than even those insolents dared demand!

XX.

Somebody, too (he has the knack),
 Patted treason in Ireland on the back,
 And loudly his firm belief expressed
 That "a sugar-plum policy" there was best,
 Which consists in seizing a rich man's store
 Whenever "the leeches cry for more,"
 And giving it bit by bit away
 To the cheating scoundrels who never pay!

*

XXI.

Somebody, trying these honest tricks,
 Speedily found himself in a fix ;
 Irish " patriots " called him " a fool,"
 Whigs in England " the Land League's tool ;"
 And matters tended from bad to worse
 There, in that island, the statesman's curse,
 Till even Somebody seemed to see
 That things were hardly as they should be.

XXII.

Somebody, " long to force averse,"
 Made up his mind that he *must* coerce,
 Drawing around his tingling ears
 In The House a hornet's nest of jeers ;
 For the Irishmen shrieked and the Irishmen yelled,
 And Somebody's Bill to scorn upheld,
 Vowing, would Heaven assist their jaw,
 Somebody's bantling should ne'er be law !

XXIII.

Somebody flew in a towering rage—
 War to the knife with the foe would wage ;
 Assumed his Jupiter Tonans look,
 " The measure should pass by hook or by crook !"
 So, when the obstructives still would spout,
 Somebody promptly turned them out,
 Though the real offender did not blench
 To sit unscathed on a Treasury Bench !

XXIV.

Somebody, having worked his will,
 Brought forward another plundering Bill,
 Cut a bigger slice of the land away
 To give to the scoundrels who never pay,
 Just for diversion deigning to smile
 On the impious Atheist's cause meanwhile,
 Though we know—it is not far to search—
Where he reads with unction the Lessons in church !

XXV.

Somebody, when his rival died,
 At his funeral was not spied ;
 Never a tear had he to shed
 Over Albion's noblest Dead !
 Somebody, when with eager gaze
 The Commons waited to hear *his* praise,
 Proved their generous hopes were vain—
 Somebody somehow missed his train !

XXVI.

Somebody, since, though Irish crime
 Grows, not lessens, in course of time,
 Careless the process seems to view,
 Letting things drift. Well, yes ! 'tis true
 He sent a "suspect" or two to jail,
 Because at his Land Act these would rail,
 Not because our horror of wrong he shared—
 'Tis little for *that* that Somebody cared !

XXVII.

(Somebody since has let them out—
 The scandalous tale you heard, no doubt,
 Of the bargain struck and the go-betweens
 And the pretty by-play behind the scenes—
 Enough with laughter our sides to shake
 Were the peace of the Empire not at stake,
 Had no terrible crime soon proved it vain—
 Poor Burke and Cavendish foully slain !)

XXVIII.

Somebody still has his praises sung
 By each low Rad. print and each glib Rad. tongue ;
 Whatever Somebody does or says
 Is hailed with rapture and proud amaze.
 " Pious and noble and grand and great,
 Who like Somebody guides the State ?"
 Though England's glory he trail in the dust,
 In Somebody always some folks trust.

XXIX.

Yes ! silly or senseless his acts, or wrong,
 Ever ascends the Caucus's song ;
 Ever with fulsome flattery plied,
 Somebody's heart is puffed with pride.
 Sophist and Scientist, Church, Dissent,
 Dissonant voices in chorus blent,
 Publish the marvellous tale abroad—
 Somebody still is some folks' god !

XXX.

Somebody kindly for kith or for son
 Many a curious job has done ;
 Never has given a straight reply,
 Plain, unmistakable "No" or "Ay ;"
 Has tacked new articles on to his creeds
 By dozens whenever it suited his needs ;
 Has cringed to the powerful like a sneak,
 And bullied, as cowards will, the weak.

XXXI.

Of Somebody's late exploits to tell
 Were a tedious task—you know them well !
 For his policy's still of the one mean mould,
 The same expedients stale and old—
 Strangling Freedom in Freedom's name
 Till even his flatterers blush for shame ;
 Riding amuck through Law and Right,
 To the Brummagem Screw's intense delight !

XXXII.

And Somebody now goes gaily on ;
 To the calls of duty he cries, "Anon !"
 He heeds not warning, he fears not woe,
 "And my people are willing to have it so ;"
 And the Empire totters on Ruin's brink,
 And this sentence of shame on his tomb, I think,
 Will be written, whenever Somebody dies—
 "Here England's Executioner lies !"

June, 1882.



CHIPS.

ANOTHER "TRIBUTE OF SONG."

"Chips, nothing but chips!"—*Lord Randolph Churchill*

I.

"A REPROBATE writer of Tory verse,"
Whose "morals" were "bad," and whose
"sentiments worse,"

Of Somebody just two years ago
A sketch I made, as perhaps you know !
Such a "ribald," "blasphemous," rhyming skit
Never before on "the good" was writ ;
Never before was a "grand career"
So wickedly set at naught, I fear !

II.

Well, I repent me of that misdeed !
The memory makes my sad heart bleed !
Much I marvel and question now
What tempted me so to sin, I vow ;
What steeped my pen in such virulent gall
Against "the pride and the light of us all,"
And taught me to rail with "scurrilous lips"
At the dear old party who deals in chips !

III.

Plain as a pancake now it seems
 That Providence smiles on the noble schemes,
 And righteousness prompts each act and plan
 Of this most marvellous, wise old man !
 " Whatever he does, and whatever he says,"
Ought to be greeted with constant praise ;
 And if he isn't a god just yet,
 That honour, no doubt, in time he'll get !

IV.

Looking back on the four years past
 Since the horrible Jew from power was cast
 (Thanks to the plentiful stream, which rolled
 Into each borough, of words *and gold* !),
 We see what miracles have been wrought,
 What boons and blessings to all ranks brought,
 By the sleight of hand and the finger tips
 Of the dear old party who deals in chips !

V.

Does not Ireland slumber in sweet content,
 While he rocks the cradle and croons " No Rent ? "
 Such a squalling brat as she used to be—
 So all the world will, of course, agree—
 At the time when Dizzy, who knew no better,
 To Marlborough penned a certain letter !
 Hark to her now ! Why, there isn't a squeal,
 Nor the faintest of murmurs, except—" Repeal "

VI.

Yes! Loyal and peaceful, a happy smile
 Sits on the face of that innocent isle;
 Murder and fraud are crimes unknown,
 And dynamite back to the States has flown!
 Thanks to Somebody, *now* to ring
 The chapel-bell is a needless thing,
 And her "National" hopes dread no eclipse
 From the dear old party who deals in chips!

VII.

What shall we say of the kindly care
 (All classes in England receive their share),
 And the prudent management under which
 Our manufacturers have grown rich,
 And the artisan and the labourer found
 Wages increase and work abound?
 What of each prosperous craft and trade
 That thrives amongst us and needs no aid?

VIII.

No longer our cattle rot and die
 Or under "my Lords' restrictions" lie;
 No longer "it does not pay to plant
 Wheat and barley for prices scant!"
 The farmers feel they are in the hands
 Of one "who his business understands;"
 They hear him on "Jam," and they crack their whips
 At the dear old party who deals in chips!

IX.

No "Bitter Cry" from the crowded streets
 Our gaze in the daily paper meets !
 All goes well and has gone, we know
 (So infallible scribes each morning show),
 "In this which is the best possible world"
 Since Somebody's standard was unfurl'd,
 And "of all possible men the best"
 Of the seals of office became possest !

X.

Look at our Army ! Stalwart chaps
 Able to give the foe some raps !
 F. Roberts's "little boys" have fled
 And contagious disease is a banished dread !
 As for the Navy, *when* you find it
 (A difficult task, but, please, don't mind it),
 Say if we haven't the best of ships
 From the dear old party who deals in chips !

XI.

How little they cost us, too, just think !
 A trifle we need not grudge to sink
 Compared with the terrible sums which yearly
 Lord Beaconsfield made us waste so dearly !
 Then, for what purposes both were used
 By that "man of blood," who our trust abused !
 We are sure there is nothing *now* so vile—
 Only Autumn Manœuvres upon the Nile !

XII.

'Tis cheering, again, to observe the fact
 That Somebody's talents and skill and tact
 Have greatly lessened the price we pay
 For being governed and taught to-day,
 While the populace feels that the national purse
 Is not lightened for follies or fads or worse !
 But of taxes remitted the pleasure sips
 By the dear old party who deals in chips !

XIII.

Then, what a comfort at last to be
 Under a régime of Piety,
 Blest with a Premier who, not for show,
 Reads the Lessons on Sundays so ;
 Blest with Ministers, on whose breasts
 Holiness like a white dove rests ;
 " *Omnium virtutum fons et flos*
Inter quos " is the Caucus Boss !

XIV.

Mark him, with modest charms endued,
 An eye-glass tightly in one eye screwed,
 Sternly denouncing "lordly sinners
 Who toil and spin not to earn their dinners"
 (Yet seldom appear, as *some* do, gaily
 With button-hole costing a guinea daily !),
 Or prompting—at times his counsel trips—
 The dear old party who deals in chips !

XV.

With saints in office like these, we feel
 Things augur well for the common weal;
 No Atheist in "The House" shall rise
 In front of a Christian people's eyes,
 To take an oath and a seat to claim,
 Who scoffs at God and His awful name,
 Who strives the faith of a realm to kill
 By the filthy poison his lips distil!

XVI.

And our Fathers' Church, which their bounty gave
 To teach the truths that alone can save—
 That Church which is older than the State,
 And true men love, if the bigots hate,
 To judge from experience in Ireland's case,
 Sons loyal as these will ne'er displace!
 No thievish hands in her treasury dips
 The dear old party who deals in chips!

XVII.

Well, looking awhile away from home,
 How glorious the prospect has become
 In Africa, India, and the East—
 Since Somebody managed affairs at least!
 How smoothly events have seemed to flow
 (The last few weeks especially so!),
 And British prestige been "in the swim"
 From Madagascar to Suakim!

XVIII.

Take Egypt for instance! Could there be
 A pleasanter spot on earth to see?
 Order, innocence, justice, truth,
 Dwell there together in endless youth!
 Peace and plenty go hand in hand
 (Our policy's fruit), and glad the land;
 While the Mahdi not yet has on the hips
 The dear old party who deals in chips!

XIX.

Let us pray that Gordon, who loves a smash,
 Won't go upsetting the calabash!
 So splendidly things have been arranged,
 There is little or nothing that should be changed,
 And the Soudan's condition, its friends agree,
 Is just precisely what it should be—
 A structure than brass more durable still,
 Through Somebody's wondrous sense and skill!

XX.

Turn we to India, and see how well
 The lesson out there of "the chapel bell,"
 The Baboo, for whom some soft hearts yearn,
 Under Ripon's good care is prompt to learn!
 What a pleasure in store some day, to gaze
 On another Mutiny's sudden blaze,
 And to watch, while the blood of the pale-face drips,
 You dear old party who deals in chips!

XXI.

What greater honour could England crave
 Than that France flung her at Tamatave ?
 What nobler compact could statesmen find
 Two rival nations in one to bind,
 Than this which Somebody's gentle soul,
 Subject always to Red control,
 With Lesseps' assistance had devised,
Only he chanced to be surprised ?

XXII.

Mark how dearly they love us all !
 Turk, Italian, German, Gaul,
 Praise our policy, laud our faith,
 Wishing us neither loss nor scaith !
 Thanks to his kindness to Greek and Russ,
 Hatred abroad of our ways and us
 Can *not* be reckoned among the slips
 Of the dear old party who deals in chips !

XXIII.

Don't the Colonies worship him and adore,
 Clinging to England as ne'er before ?
 Seldom a grumble, seldom a moan,
 Never a deep, disgusted groan
 Comes from a far-off kinsman's mouth
 In the lands out West or the isles down South !
 Boers and Zulus to vex us cease,
 And good Lord Derby may dine in peace !

XXIV.

Yes! The old Oak's seedlings Somebody strives
His best to cherish, and gingerly hives
The choicest honey of his soft talk
That Mother and Sons as friends may walk.
He knows, to rear them, how great the cost,
And never with treatment cold as frost
The bud of their loyal hearts he nips,
This dear old party who deals in chips !

XXV.

Where shall we meet this good man's match ?
Look at his grand exploits—the batch !
To his virtues, at home, who can be blind ?
Abroad, his doings astound mankind !
Evermore to be prized and praised,
On a moral pedestal high upraised,
“ Pious and noble and grand and great,
Who like Somebody guides the State ? ”

XXVI.

Glory, glory for ever be
To this wise ruler on land and sea !
Flattery daub her grateful paint
Freely over this precious saint !
Endless psalms to his fame be sung,
And the Clôture applied to Churchill's tongue,
And none dare “ cheek,” of the Tory rips,
The dear old party who deals in chips !

XXVII.

Oh! Would he deign, so grand and strong,
 Accept the tribute I pay in song;
 Pardon my former ribald rhymes,
 And give me a notice in *The Times*;
 To Hawarden invite me, just to see
 How Genius and Co. cut down a tree:
 As pleased and grateful I'd be then
 As a deputation of "working-men!"

XXVIII.

Now, putting together two and two,
 I am certain it must be plain to you
 What a jubilant day will dawn for Rads.
 Who have *not* yet finished their list of fads;
 How the wicked Tories will all turn pale,
 And the forest-monarchs lament and wail,
 When Atropos, stooping, the life-thread snips
 Of the dear old party who deals in chips!

February, 1884.





SOMEBODY'S LAST CARD.

A SEQUEL TO "SOMEBODY" AND "CHIPS."

I.

WEIGHED in the balance of Time again,
Last vain hope of a life most vain,
Somebody woke from his arrogant dream
To find his fortunes were kicking the beam ;
Marked how the popular favour veers,
Shrank from his enemies' flouts and sneers,
And, like a gambler in luck ill-starred,
Played, despairing, his last poor card !

II.

Back to Midlothian the Pilgrim hies,
Fertile soil for the growth of lies !
Plentiful crops sprang up, we know,
From seed sown there in the long ago—
Crops that proved to the sower since
Troubles which made his conscience wince—
Each idle word of that wild attack
A scourge to mangle the speaker's back !

III.

Back to Midlothian, but not the same
 Who thither in wrath and frenzy came
 Five years ago, in his heart's deep hate,
 Lord Beaconsfield's doings to misstate—
 To howl at the one strong soul and good
 Who the foes of England then withstood,
 But a poor, discredited, weak old man,
 Whose life is a failure, whose days a span !

IV.

Changed indeed are both times and men,
 And many the shames endured since then !
 Abroad, our country has not one friend ;
 At home, all classes to ruin tend !
 Strife and sedition disturb the Realm,
 For the hand of Somebody holds the helm,
 And ever, in days of doubt and fear,
 The Fiend of the Caucus hath his ear !

V.

Look back on the vista of bygone days !
 Track Somebody's steps in the shameful maze
 The blood-stained record unfold once more
 Of crimes and follies which crowd his door—
 Maiwand—Majuba—Ireland's sin—
 Bargains where treason lurked within—
 And last, not least of the terrible throng,
 The ruin of Egypt, and Gordon's wrong !

VI.

Did Somebody think our memories short,
 That we had forgotten his four years' sport ?
 That Englishmen had no feelings left
 Of honour and fame, by his acts bereft !
 Or that a river of words to-day
 Would wash the stain of his guilt away,
 And prove—by flowing from morn till night—
 That facts are fictions, and black is white ?

VII.

Not forgotten—who could forget ?—
 Are those vile, pitiful annals yet !
 In long, long rows on the list succeed
 Dishonour, disaster, dastard deed,
 Innocent folk by thousands slain
 (Why or wherefore no words explain !),
 Apologies, cringings, humble-pie,
 And brave men cowardly left to die !

VIII.

Brutes in the far Transvaal—their trade !—
 Havoc of peaceful regions made ;
 But Somebody, with a saint-like air,
 Blessed the villains who thrashed us there !
 Brutes, in the sister-island bred,
 Innocent blood like cowards shed ;
 But Somebody, dropping a few cheap tears,
 Winked at murder for two long years !

IX

Think of our wretched posture now,
 In a world that erst to our will would bow !
 Think of the laughter that greets our name !
 Think of our ever-increasing shame !
 The German growls at a quailing race ;
 The Frenchmen grin at their " friend's " disgrace :
 And rapidly on to his own dark ends,
 With a sneer, the wily Russian wends !

X

Sulkily to Midlothian hies
 The Grand Apostle of Shams and Lies !
 Did he hope by dint of passionate prate
 Himself in our favour to reinstate ?
 Did he deem we should listen as promptly now
 To each fond promise and fervent vow—
 That an earnest tone and a solemn mien
 Annul the record of what has been !

XI

We have learnt a lesson, methinks, at last.
 From the bitter experience of the past,
 And no red herring across the trail
 Cunningly drawn can aught avail !
 We see through the canting Franchise dodge,
 We value aright his zeal for Hodge,
 And we know that the person, when all is done,
 Whom Somebody loves is Number One !

XII.

Sick to death of the rule of Rads.,
 Tired of *doctrinaires* and fads,
 Weary of all the sects and schools
 Of crazy sophists and half-saved fools,
 Loathing Somebody's servile crew,
 To faith and fatherland aye untrue,
 Albion sighs for the better day
 When pests like these shall have passed away !

XIII.

Land of "the unco' guid," to thee
 Fittingly came the Pharisee—
 The pious and holy man who says
 He has followed innocence all his days ;
 Upon the white of whose guileless name
 No speck of infamy rests or blame ;
 Whose brows with a sort of halo shine,
 Noble, infallible, grand, divine !

XIV.

Say, did he show you by what good deeds
 His hands had lessened the poor man's needs—
 Sum up the benefits all have had
 Since the day when mobs for his sake went mad ?
 Could he point to profits in trade or marts
 Prosperous made by his wondrous arts ?
 Could he tell you of richer crops and gains
 To cheer the farmer for all his pains ?

XV.

Tush ! He could not !—*He* has no cure
 For the real hardships the poor endure !
 He does not trouble if tradesmen fail !
 He cares not, he, if the merchant ail !
 He can only chant you the old refrain
 Few ever have wished to hear again,
 And proffer as balm for every ill
 That nauseous rubbish, a Franchise Bill !

XVI.

In his usual style, he could "prove," no doubt,
 That "the people" were on his side, and shout
 An hour or so at the wicked Peers,
 Who smile at his bluster and scorn his sneers ;
But he did not tell you the reason why
Tewfik and Hicks were left to die,
Or the secret of last year's league with Pat—
Somebody's much too sly for that !

XVII.

Weaving once more of words a spell,
 He glozed and garbled and mixed things well,
 And caused the charm of his speech to fall
 A space on the souls of the listeners all !
 Forgetting awhile his former taint,
 Perhaps they will think him to-day a saint !
 But the morrow more sober views will bring,
 And they'll value aright each tinsel thing !

XVIII.

Yes ! In his heart he knows his day
 Is past or passing, like time, away ;
 His touch he has lost on the resonant strings
 Of the National Harp, and vainly clings
 To the post he may no longer hold,
 For the looks of the audience are stern and cold,
 And harsh and querulous now the tone
 Which Somebody's hands evoke alone !

XIX.

As a drowning man, in death's deep awe,
 Clutches in vain at a rotten straw,
 Or as a gambler, in luck ill-starred,
 Plays, despairing, his last poor card,
 So, staking his all on a feeble chance,
 While ever his foemen's hopes advance,
 Poor, old, arrogant Self-Conceit
 Speeds to ruin with rapid feet !

Sept. 20th, 1884.

L'ENVOY.

Of Somebody's grand career, I wis,
 The truest account will run like this :
 Except "O. K." and the snivelling Greeks,
 Of Somebody's good deeds no one speaks—

For the simple reason that all his days,
By shuffling counsels and crooked ways,
Somebody never did any good,
But all the possible harm he could.



JOHN HEYWOOD, Excelsior Steam Printing and Bookbinding Works, Hulme
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TO THE

ELECTORS IN EACH CONSTITUENCY

Do you want worse times than you have ever had before?—Then, Vote for the Radical Candidate.

Do you want lower wages, less regular work, and the pinch of poverty?—Then, Vote for the Radical Candidate.

Do you want Increased Taxation, Shameless Jobbery, and Extravagant Expenditure?—Then, Vote for the Radical Candidate.

Do you want that “priceless boon,” an acre of land “to get your living out of,” no rich men to give you employment, and no wages to receive at each week’s end?—Then, Vote for the Radical Candidate.

Do you want the Trade, Commerce, and Agriculture of Old England to be ruined, and greedy foreigners to grab everything?—Then, Vote for the Radical Candidate.

Do you wish to see another brave fellow like Gordon betrayed and done to death by a Gladstone Government?—Then, Vote for the Radical Candidate.

Do you wish to see British troops thrashed by Dutch farmers, and the insult remain unavenged?—Then, Vote for the Radical Candidate.

Lastly, do you want God dishonoured, the Bible and Religion driven out of all colleges and schools, and men like Bradlaugh returned to Parliament to make laws for a Christian country?—Then, Vote for the Radical Candidate.

But if you do not, then, one and all, support the only National and Patriotic Party, the Conservative, and Vote in every case for its Candidate!

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REMEMBER POOR GORDON!!!

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